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Chap. 6. The germs of shell-fish and marine animals, mixed with the vapours of the ocean, and scattered over the earth by the showers, are not the source of the fossils of Wurzburg.

Chap. 12. Our petrifications are not the products of modern art, as some persons have ventured to assert, throwing a cloud of doubts and fables over this subject.

Chap. 13. Grave reasons for considering our petrifications as the work of nature, and not of art.

The absurdity of the arguments employed in the discussion of these different propositions, exceeds all belief. For example, the author, to refute the opinion of those who attribute these petrifications to the superstition of the Pagans, demonstrates that none of these specimens in his possession are described in the decrees of the German synods, which proscribed images and sorcery. Neither can they be considered as victims offered to idols, for who ever sacrificed figured stones instead of living animals? They are not amulets which Pagan parents hung around the necks of their children, to preserve them from the charms of witchcraft, for some of them are so heavy that they would strangle the poor infant, and there is no aperture in any of them through which a chain could be passed. Finally, what renders it impossible that these stones are the remains of Paganism, is, that many of them are inscribed with Hebrew, Arabic, Greek, and German characters, expressing the name of the Deity.

This work, as we have stated, was suppressed when he discovered the cruel hoax that had been played upon him. The work, in its original state, is very rare, and is only known to the curious; but after the death of M. Berenger, the copies which he had retained were given to the public by a bookseller, but with a new title-page. S.

SONGS OF OUR LAND.

Songs of our land, ye are with us for ever,

The power and the splendour of thrones pass away ;

But yours is the might of some far flowing river,

Through Summer's bright roses or Autumn's decay.

Ye treasure each voice of the swift passing ages,

And truth, which time writeth on leaves or on sand ;

Ye bring us the bright thoughts of poets and sages,

And keep them among us, old songs of our land.

The bards may go down to the place of their slumbers,

The lyre of the charmer be hushed in the grave,

But far in the future the power of their numbers

Shall kindle the hearts of our faithful and brave.

It will waken an echo in souls deep and lonely,

Like voices of reeds by the summer breeze fanned ;

It will call up a spirit for freedom, when only

Her breathings are heard in the songs of our land.

For they keep a record of those, the true hearted,

Who fell with the cause they had vowed to maintain ;

They show us bright shadows of glory departed,

Of love that grew cold, and the hope that was vain.

The page may be lost and the pen long forsaken,

And weeds may grow wild o'er the brave heart and hand ;

But ye are still left when all else hath been taken,

Like streams in the desert, sweet songs of our land.

Songs of our land, ye have followed the stranger,

With power over ocean and desert afar,

Ye have gone with our wanderers through distance and danger,

And gladdened their path like a home-guiding star.

With the breath of our mountains in summers long vanished,

And visions that passed like a wave from the sand,

With hope for their country and joy from her banished,

Ye come to us ever, sweet songs of our land.

The spring time may come with the song of her glory,

To bid the green heart of the forest rejoice,

But the pine of the mountain, though blasted and hoary,

And the rock in the desert, can send forth a voice.

It is thus in their triumph for deep desolations,

While ocean waves roll or the mountains shall stand,

Still hearts that are bravest and best of the nation,

Shall glory and live in the songs of their land.

F. B.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

THE POOR AUTHOR.*

How many a time do we take up the page of news, or the sheet of literary novelty, without reflecting upon the nameless sources whence their contents have been derived; and yet what a fruitful field do they afford for our deepest contemplation, and our holiest and purest sympathies! There may be there brought together, and to the general eye displayed in undistinguished union, contributions over which the jewelled brow of nobility hath been knitted into the frown of thoughtfulness, and side by side with these, chapters wearily traced out by the tremulous hand of unbefriended genius. Upon the former we do not mean to dwell, but we *would* wish for a few moments to contemplate the heart-trying condition of the latter.

It is hard to conceive a situation more replete with wretchedness than that of the struggling man of letters—who who has offered his *all* before the shrine of long-looked-for fame; who has staked health, and peace, and happiness, that he may win her favour, and who nevertheless holds an uncertain tenure even of his "daily bread." He is poor and in misery, yet he lives in a world of boundless wealth; but in this very thing is to be found the exquisite agony of his condition. What though haggard want wave around him her lean and famished hands, what avails *that*? Write he must, if it be but to satisfy the cravings of a stunted nature; write he must, though his only reward be the scanty pittance that was greedily covenanted for, and when his due, but grudgingly presented him. And then he must delineate plenty and happiness; he must describe "the short holiday of childhood," the guileless period of maiden's modesty, the sunshine of the moment when we first hear that we are loved, the placid calm of peaceful resignation; or it may be, the charms that nature wears in England's happy vales, the beauty of her scenery, the splendour and wealth of her institutions, the protecting law for the poor man, her admirable code of jurisprudence. All, all these may be the theme of his song, or the subject of his appointed task; but the hours will pass away, and the spirits he has called up will disappear, and his visions of happiness will leave him only, if it be possible, more fearfully alive to his own helplessness—they cannot wake their echo in his soul, and instead of their worthier office of healing and blessedness, they render his wound deeper, deadlier, and more rankling.

And who is there, think you, kind reader, that can feel more acutely the sting of neglect and poverty than the lonely man of genius? Of him how truly may it be said, "he cannot dig, to beg he is ashamed!" His intellect is his world; it is the glorious city in which he abides, the treasure-house wherein his very being is garnered; it is to cultivate it that he has lived; and when it fails him in his wintry hour, is not he indeed "of all men most miserable?"

But let us suppose that his prescribed duty is done, that the required article is written, and that this child of his sick and aching brain is at last dismissed; and can his thoughts follow it? Can his heart bear the reflection that it shall find admission where he durst not make his appearance? He knows that it will be laid on the gorgeous table of the rich and honourable. He knows, too, that it will find its way to the happy fireside, the home where sorrow hath not yet entered—such as once was his own in the days of his childhood. He knows that the unnatural relation who spurned him from his door when he asked the bread of charity, may see it, and without at all knowing the writer, that even his scornful sneer may be thereby relaxed. He knows—but why more? Of *himself* he knows that want and woe have been his companions, that they are yet encamped around him, and that they will only end their ministry "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest!"

This is by no means—oh, would that it were so!—an ideal picture. In LONDON, amid her "wilderness of building," there are *at this hour* hundreds whose sufferings could corroborate it, and whose necessities could give the stamping conviction to its truth. We were ourselves cognizant of the history of one young man's life, his early and buoyant hopes, his subsequent misfortunes and miseries, and his early and unripe death, to all of which, anything that is painted above bears but a faint and indistinct resemblance. He was an

* The writer, as will be seen, has had in view solely the literature of London.

Irishman, and gifted with the characteristics of his country—a romantic genius, united with feelings the most tremulous, and tender, and impassioned. Many years have since passed away, and over and over again have the wild flowers sprung up, and bloomed, and withered over his narrow resting place, no unmeet emblem of

“The poor inhabitant below!”

but never has the memory of his sad story faded from us—never may it fade! His lot was unhappy, and he “perished in his pride.” His reason eventually bowed before his intense sufferings; and excepting the few minutes just before his spirit passed away, his last hours were uncheered by the glimpse of that glorious intellect which had promised to crown him with a chaplet of undying fame. Even as it was, he had attracted notice; his writings were beginning to make for him a name; and the Prime Minister of England did not think it beneath him to visit his lonely lodging, and to endeavour to raise his sinking soul with the promise of almost unlimited patronage. But the restorative came too late: the poison had worked its portion, and in the guise of Fame, DEATH approached;

“And as around the brow
Of that ill-fated votary he wreath’d
The crown of victory, silently he twined
The cypress with the laurel: at his foot
Perish’d the MARTYR STUDENT.”

We have nothing to add to this. Had we not hoped to strike a chord of sympathy in our reader's heart, we should never have even advanced so far, or have uplifted the veil so as to exhibit the “latter end” of such. Reader, in conclusion, you know not the toil, and trouble, and bodily labour, and mental inquietude, that furnish you each week with the price of YOUR PENNY! S. H.

PADDY CORBETT'S FIRST SMUGGLING TRIP.

“Then on the tither hand present her,
A blackguard smuggler right behind her,
And cheek-for-cheek a chuffie vintner,
Colleaguin' join.”—BURNS.

No order of men has experienced severer treatment from the various classes into which society is divided, than that of excisemen, or, as they are vulgarly denominated, gaugers. If, unlike the son of the Hebrew patriarch, their hand is not raised against every man, yet they may be truly said to inherit a portion of Ishmael's destiny, for every man's hand is against them. The cordial and unmitigated hostility of the lower classes follows the gauger at every point of his dangerous career, whether his pursuit be smuggled goods, pot-teen, or unpermitted parliament. Literary men have catered to the gratification of the public at his expense, by exhibiting him in their stories of Irish life under such circumstances that the good-natured reader scarcely knows whether to laugh or weep most at his ludicrous distress. The varied powers of rhyme have been pressed into the service by the man of genius and the lover of fun. The “Diel's awa' wi' the Exciseman” of Burns, and the Irishman's “Paddy was up to the Gauger,” will ever remain to prove the truth of the foregoing assertion.

But the humble historian of this unpretending narrative is happy to record one instance of retributory justice on the part of an individual of this devoted class, which would have procured him a statue in the temple of Nemesis, had his lot been cast among the ancients. Many instances of the generosity, justice, and self-abandonment of the gauger, have come to the writer's knowledge, and these acts of virtue shall not be utterly forgotten. The readers of the Irish Penny Journal shall blush to find men, whose qualities might reconcile the estranged misanthrope to the human family, rendered the butt of ridicule, and their many virtues lost and unknown.

On a foggy evening in the November of a year of which Irish tradition, not being critically learned in chronology, has not furnished the date, two men pursued their way along a bridle road that led through a wild mountain tract in a remote and far westward district of Kerry. The scene was savage and lonely. Far before them extended the broad Atlantic, upon whose wild and heaving bosom the lowering clouds seemed to settle in fitful repose. Round and beyond, on the dark and barren heath, rose picturesque masses of rock—the finger-stones which nature, it would seem, in some wayward frolic, had tossed into pinnacled heaps of strange and multimorph construction. About their base, and in the deep interstices of their sides, grew the holly and the hardy moun-

tain ash, and on their topmost peaks frisked the agile goat in all the pride of unfettered liberty.

These men, each of whom led a Kerry pony that bore an empty sack along the difficult pathway, were as dissimilar in form and appearance as any two of Adam's descendants possibly could be. One was a low-sized, thickset man; his broad shoulders and muscular limbs gave indication of considerable strength; but the mild expression of his large blue eyes and broad, good-humoured countenance, told, as plain as the human face divine could, that the fierce and stormy passions of our kind never exerted the strength of that muscular arm in deeds of violence. A jacket and trousers of brown frieze, and a broad-brimmed hat made of that particular grass named *thraneen*, completed his dress. It would be difficult to conceive a more strange or unseemly figure than the other: he exceeded in height the usual size of men; but his limbs, which hung loosely together, and seemed to accompany his emaciated body with evident reluctance, were literally nothing but skin and bone; his long conical head was thinly strewn with rusty-coloured hair that waved in the evening breeze about a haggard face of greasy, sallow hue, where the rheumy sunken eye, the highly prominent nose, the thin and livid lip, half disclosing a few rotten straggling teeth, significantly seemed to tell how disease and misery can attenuate the human frame. He moved, a living skeleton: yet, strange to say, the smart nag which he led was hardly able to keep pace with the swinging unequal stride of the gaunt pedestrian, though his limbs were so fleshless that his clothes flapped and fluttered around him as he stalked along the chilly moor.

As the travellers proceeded, the road, which had lately been pent within the huge masses of granite, now expanded sufficiently to allow them a little side-by-side discourse; and the first-mentioned person pushed forward to renew a conversation which seemed to have been interrupted by the inequalities of the narrow pathway.

“An' so ye war saying, Shane Glas,” he said, advancing in a straight line with his spectre-looking companion, “ye war saying that face of yours would be the means of keeping the gauger from our taste of tibacey.”

“The devil resave the gauger will ever squint at a lafe of it,” says Shane Glas, “if I'm in yer road. There was never a cloud over Tim Casey for the twelve months I thravelled with him; and if the foolish man had had me the day his taste o' brandy was taken, he'd have the fat boiling over his pot to-day, 'tisn't that I say it myself.”

“The sorrow from me, Shane Glas,” returned his friend with a hearty laugh, and a roguish glance of his funny eye at the angular and sallow countenance of the other, “the sorrow be from me if it's much of Tim's fat came in your way, at any rate, though I don't say as much for the *graise*.”

“It's laughing at the crucked side o' yer mouth ye'd be, I'm thinking, Paddy Corbett,” said Shane Glas, “if the thief of a gauger smelt your taste o' tibacey.—Crush Christ duin! and I not there to fricken him off, as I often done afore.”

“But couldn't we take our lafe o' tibacey on our ponies backs in panniers, and throw a few hake or some oysters over 'em, and let on that we're fish-joulting?”

“Now, mark my words, Paddy Corbett: there's a chap in Killarney as knowledgeable as a jailor; Ould Nick would'n't bate him in roguery. So put your goods in the thruckle, shake a wisp over 'em, lay me down over that in the fould o' the quilt, and say that I kem from Decie's country to pay a round at Tubber-na-Treenoda, and that I caught a faver, and that ye're taking me home to die, for the love o' God and yer mother's sowl. Say, that Father Darby, who prepared me, said I had the worst spotted faver that kem to the country these seven years. If that doesn't fricken him off, ye're sowl'd” (betrayed.)

By this time they had reached a deep ravine, through which a narrow stream pursued its murmuring course. Here they left the horses, and, furnished with the empty sacks, pursued their onward route till they reached a steep cliff. Far below in the dark and undefined space sounded the hollow roar of the heaving ocean, as its billowy volume broke upon its granite barrier, and formed along the dark outline a zone of foam, beneath whose snowy crest the ever-impelled and angry wave yielded its last strength in myriad flashes of phosphoric light, that sparkled and danced in arrowy splendour to the wild and sullen music of the dashing sea.

“Paddy Corbett, avick,” said Shane Glas, “pull yer legs fair an' aisy after ye; one inch iv a mistake, achorra, might